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1909

# The Path o' Life





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# The Path o' Life

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Frederic M. Grant '09



have a little tale to  
tell  
(And hope 'twill  
do some good).  
It's 'bout a couple of  
young folks  
A-walkin' through  
a wood.

They started off 'bout noon time,  
Some fifteen years ago,  
To journey down the "Path o' Life";  
Just how, they didn't know.

About the time these two set off,  
Another pair set out;  
The same Church-door they left  
behind,  
Their hearts all strong and stout.  
They all walked down the "Path  
o' Life",  
And then 'twas clear and bright,  
And looked as though for miles to  
come  
'Twould all be straight and right.

Of course this weddin' day  
(I guess)

Was near the first o' June;  
The time o' day—again I say—  
Came pretty nigh to noon.  
And if you take life in its Spring  
And just about midway,  
This world is bound to look real good  
And things look bright and gay.



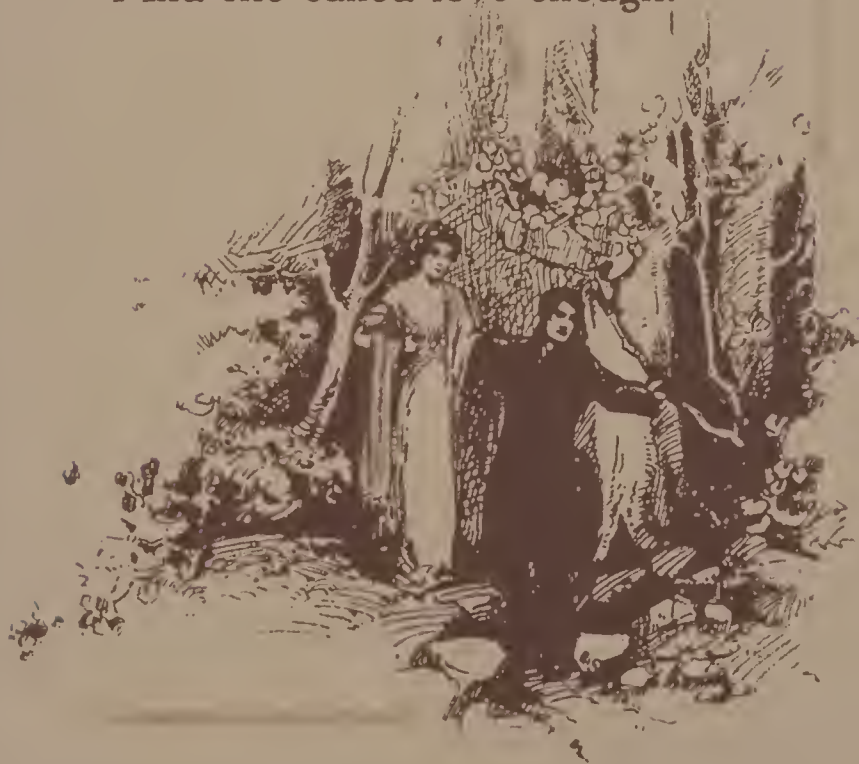
That's just the time for weddin's,  
when

The birds are singin' sweet,  
And violets are comin' up

To kiss the fern leaf's feet—  
But, 'nough about the weather

And the flowers a-bloomin' gay;  
I must tell you 'bout my couples  
Startin' off this weddin' day.

That "Path o' Life" looked  
pretty smooth  
About a year or two,  
And then the weeds began to  
come  
Where once the sweet flow'rs  
grew.  
One pair o' them walked hand in  
hand,  
Altho' the path grew rough;  
He helped her over all the stones  
And she called love enough.



The other two? Well, I must  
tell:

Their hands loosed on the way,  
And their paths widened as they  
walked

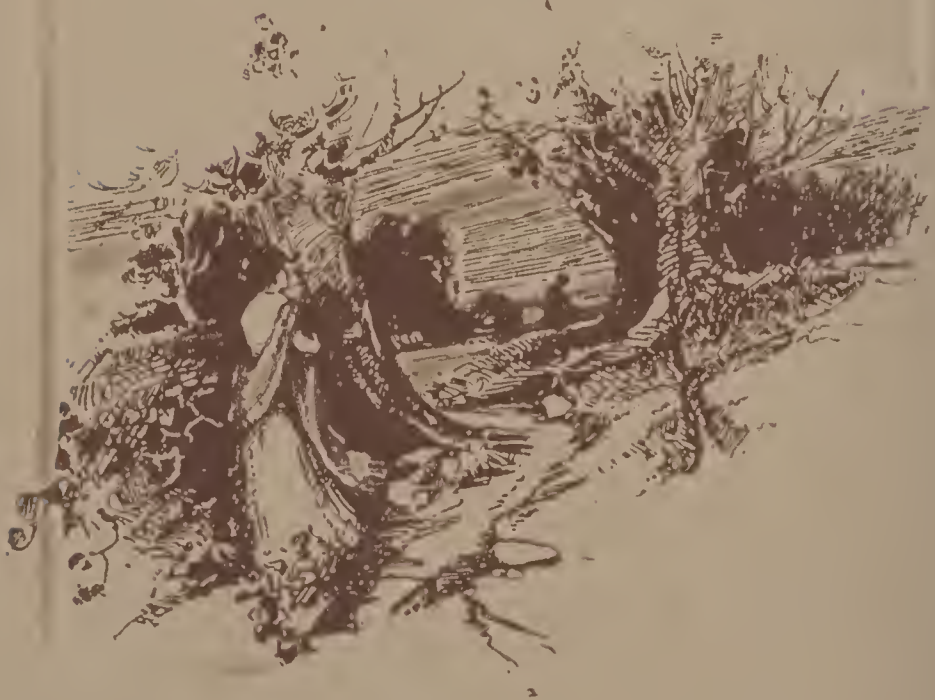
And clouds came every day,  
And all because they didn't know  
That burdens shared by two  
Will always lighten fully half  
If hearts are strong and true.

And so my couples wandered  
on—

On down the "Path o' Life";  
One pair caught all the sunshine—  
God called them "man and wife".  
My other pair are lost to sight,  
Their forms no more I see—  
Lost somewhere on the "Path 'o  
Life",  
For they could not agree.



When stones were rough, she  
would complain  
And, answerin', he would say,  
"Just come along, now, Mary Ann,  
You helped to make the day  
When we this journey undertook;  
I've done the best I could;  
Come, hurry up and catch me now,  
It's dark here in this wood."



And so she wanders on alone;  
    (He thinks he's bein' kind:)  
But by and by he finds, alas!  
    That Mary's far behind.  
And then he wonders where she is,  
    And what she's doin' now;  
And as he thinks how they have  
    walked,  
    A frown comes on his brow.

And then he wonders how it is  
This world for him is cold,  
And lightnin'-like a thought comes  
in—

Why, he is growin' old;  
And that smooth path he once  
called "life"

All full o' briars has grown,  
And that companion he called  
"wife"

Is lost, and he's alone.





I guess a moral is a thing  
That you don't need just now,  
But I would like to say a word  
To smooth each wrinkled brow.  
Just grasp the hand that's in your  
path—

Sometimes the path is long—  
And life is sweeter when you have  
Companions, with a song.  
Kind words smooth all the "Paths  
o' Life"

And smiles make burdens light,  
And uncomplaining friends can make  
A day-time out o' night.

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